4:Metraux E-5 (1934-1935) 1945
OY2 Easter Island OY2

We saw Easter Island for the first time on a rainy day in winter. It was also my first sight of a Polynesian island. I did not expect, of course, to find the classic coconut palms and hibiscus, for I knew that the island was without trees or shrubs, but I certainly had not imagined that this outpost of the sunny islands in the South Seas would remind me, as it did at once, of the coasts of Sweden and Norway. When the cruiser on which we had made the voyage anchored off Hangaroa, the only modern village on the island, memories of Scandinavia came even more vividly into my mind as I examined through my field glasses the frame houses of the natives, which are of a type common in northern Europe. The capital of the legendary Easter Island looked, for all the world, like a humble fishermen's hamlet seen in a fog on the Baltic.

I shall never forget that first day when we were anchored just off the little harbor. Gusts of wind drove long rollers against the shore with such force that they broke amid spouts of spray with a deep pounding. In front of the sandy cove, the waves piled up over a bar that, it seemed, nobody could cross. The natives gathered on the beach did not appear very eager to meet us, but the *karanga*, the cries which announce any important event, had sounded in the village, and from everywhere, on all the paths leading to the sea, we could see men on horseback coming at full speed. Near the boathouses a palaver was held, and on the outcome of that everything depended. The commander of the cruiser had decided that on no condition would he put us and our 90 boxes of equipment ashore. Our only hope for an immediate and safe landing lay with the natives.

Suddenly we saw them rush to the boathouses, drag three canoes toward the sea, jump into them and disappear in the surf. We held our breath, expecting the canoes to capsize in their attempt to cross the bar. But after a short time, one, two, then all three surged up from the wall of water and headed toward our ship. The men were received with cheers, a well-deserved tribute to their courage and skill.

When the canoes reached our ship we saw that they were full of natives wearing the most surprising disguises. The majority were dressed in old uniforms of the Chilean navy. In one canoe there were, it appeared, lieutenants, admirals, surgeons, and engineers. A few had also put on feather headdresses, similar to those in which their ancestors had received Captain Cook, but they wore them merely as an advertisement of the native wares of all kinds which they wished to trade for shirts and sailors' caps.

Each time I find myself using the word "natives" for the modern inhabitants of Easter Island, I have a hesitant feeling, just as hesitant as on that day when I first saw their faces over the railing. I